

THE UNSCIENTIFIC SCIENTIST AGAIN

San Diego, Cal., July 9, 1914.

Dear Herb:—

Did you get that "logos of Ethnos" stuff that I put over in my last? Good—what? I was going to have it printed in Greek, but I didn't have the nerve—and the printer didn't have the type—so I refrained. I looked it up afterwards lest I had made a mistake, but I was right. Ethnology is a sort of a gunny (if that's the way you spell it) expression. It comes from a couple of Greek words—it can't help that, of course—and they mean the study of you and me beginning from the time

"When you were a tadpole and I was a fish
In the Paleozoic days,"

as the poet hath it. At least that's a fairly liberal translation of what they mean.

However, I don't intend to spend any more language on that—no sense in lingering upon a subject after one has exhausted it. But I must tell you all about archaeology, which is in the same class with the other ology. I said they were cousins. They're more than that. Eth and Arch are brother and sister—though I'm not sure which is which as to gender. But Arch is the study of the relics of the early races of mankind—you might not think it, but it's a fact, I nosed around on the quiet for a while trying to find out. Then I asked the chief's stenographer what the—I mean I asked her what it signified. She told me that right off the bat, but to make sure of it somebody dug up a dictionary. One of those dinky, near-leather-covered ones that you get for some 19 cents in real money and about 40,000 coupons that you cut serially out of a daily paper. I got one that way once. Got a book of songs, too—the oldest songs in the world. The paper said they were songs that never grow old—vintage of the past century, you know. Vintage suggests wine, and—well, anyway, if I had been writing the title on the cover of the song book I'd have said "Songs That Improve With Age." But—as I was going to say when I ran into that open switch—I was agreeably surprised to find that the unpretentious dictionary was a perfectly good book. It said just the same thing that the girl said—minus the smile.

One of the things one never can get back is wasted energy. I figure that I'm out at four dollars' worth, because while I was fussing around with those tomes—tomes, I mean—and dictionaries, et cetera (I spell that since I broke into the highbrow class) I could just as well have learned all about the subject under discussion by strolling into the Archeological Exhibit at this San Diego exposition and just rubbering. Really that's how I finally did get wise!

You know Baby Eleanor, reading the funnies in the Sunday supplements, has just as much fun as if she could read the printed matter. Me too! I don't read the tomes when I can see the exhibit. Come on in and soak up some knowledge.

Some of these subjects seem a little heavy at first, but really its easy to grasp them in this atmosphere. I'm there with bells on now, old top, and you can quote me with impunity or verbally—either way—and if you don't understand Archaeology thoroughly yet, just ask me for anything that I have overlooked.

Yours for the archives of mankind,

Scotty.

P. S.—Note the delicate, adroit way in which I insert an adv. for the San Diego exposition in the midst of pure reading matter! I get paid for that.

SHORT SESSIONS WITH FAT MEN

When traveling by train a few days ago from Danzig to Berlin, General von Podbielski, popularly known as "Pod," was undressed as usual by his valet, who, having packed away his master's clothes in a suitcase, so that the sleeping compartment should not be unnecessarily overcrowded, removed them to his own carriage. Next morning when the general awoke and summoned Heinrich to assist him with his toilet he discovered to his consternation that the compartment in which his valet was keeping watch over his clothes had during the night been detached and was at that very moment speeding toward the Russian frontier, two hundred miles away.

Here, indeed, was an awkward dilemma, for the sleeping car attendant's anxious inquiry among the other passengers failed to procure any habiliments with waist girth approaching the required 52 inches. But "Pod" is a man of resources. He wired to the Friedrichstrasse station, Berlin, for a Red Cross ambulance to meet the train on arrival and into this, wrapped only in a blanket, he in due course clambered and was borne to a neighboring hotel, whither were promptly summoned a tailor, hosier, bootmaker and hatter, who soon made the gallant soldier sartorially presentable.

Alexandre Dumas, the famous French romancer, was as recklessly extravagant as he was abnormally stout and more than once found himself in awkward straits. Indeed, he was often enough without the commonest necessities, even of dress, as when, anxious to attend an Ambassador's reception, he discovered he was without a single clean shirt among his linen. A friend, who chanced to be with him at the time, volunteered to go and buy one, only to find that none of the shops had in stock a garment sufficiently large to encircle the novelist's generous girth of neck and chest.

At last, when on the point of relinquishing his search, Dumas's friend came upon a shop where a shirt called the Hercules was advertised. The same struck him as being one of good omen and he entered. But, alas! they had nothing approaching the size required, unless, indeed, their customer would care to take one made to the order of a very corpulent Quartier Latin student, by whom it had been left on their hands. Although covered with little red devils careering about in red flames, it was a case of Hobson's choice, so the shirt was purchased and taken home to Dumas, who, doubtless entering into the humor of the situation, resolved to wear it at the reception. "You would hardly believe it," he said afterward, "but my costume was an immense success, and I really think I have started a fashion of deviled shirts for evening wear."

EMPRESS

The bill at the Empress this week is several notches below the average, and is not even half good. An act or two, and the pictures as usual are worth seeing, but as for the supposedly pretentious efforts—good night!

The Nat Ellis—Ella Nowlan company in "Circus Days" must be credited with courage for having the temerity to stage the act, for outside of the gymnasts, there is nothing commendable; the efforts at humor are coarse, not funny, and the personality of the ring master alone is enough to drive an audience home.

The funniest thing on the bill is "The Beggar" played by Porter J. White and company. Undoubtedly it is meant to be a blending of love and pathos, but through an error in construction it is an admixture of ridiculous improbabilities and cheese. However, it is truly remarkable

the way the hero has nature under his thumb. One moment he fakes blindness, the next he is really blind, the next he can see, and so on ad finitum. She loves me—I am blind—she loves me not—I am not blind, etc., etc. And the support is just as funny as the sketch.

De Marest of DeMarest and Doll is the wit of the bill with his ragtime and eccentricities, and Johnson the aerialist contributes his full quota to the beginning of the entertainment. Bijou Russell is reminiscent of other days with her sand dancing which was probably popular long ago when she learned. Her voice needs a rest though, badly.

For the bill beginning manana, Manager Cook announces a big feature in Robinson's educated elephants, the headliner, followed by Clem Bevins and company in a comedy called "Daddy;" Coakland, McBride and Milo in a miniature ministry show, the Three Newmans cyclists, and Kammerer and Howland.

A REAL ONE

Joe Schumpf has a new story. It is about a Jew peddler, an automobile party and a railroad train. The automobile party was attempting to cross the railroad track. The train came along, and the result was three killed and two seriously injured. The train did not stop. It did not even hesitate.

"About a half hour later the Jew peddler awoke in sight, walking down the track. One of the injured men was just regaining consciousness.

"What's der madder?" asked the peddler.

"The injured man explained between groans as best he could.

"Has der glaim agent been along?" asked the peddler.

"Nobody has been along, as far as I know," was the reply.

"Vell," said the other, "if you haf no objections I'll dake off my pack and lay down mit you."—Seattle Argus.

Merchant's lunch, 40 cents; table d'hôte dinner \$1, every day at Maxim's.

Bruce L. Brown, Mgr.



BECKER'S BEER

*"Better by test than
all the rest"*

WRITE FOR
PRICE LIST

Order from

BECKER BREWING & MALTING CO.

OGDEN, UTAH